

Poetic Fragments - poetry by Mary Louise Evans

Mary Louise Evans, a graduate of Douglaston High School, was an athletic and gifted individual. She liked to sing songs, take long walks, and ride her motorcycle. Mary Louise had a lot of friends, and was a social creature who was also a skillful salesperson. She moved to Boulder, Colorado, and died in a motorcycle accident while on her way to work around daybreak. This is a small legacy of poetry, mainly fragments, that she left behind, in her correspondence, on pieces of paper, that are now made available to the world. She will be missed by those who remember her.

To Mom

Thank you for having been there
For me when I was too small
To be out on my own
You showed me the road
While protecting me
From things I was too young
To know about just then.

We live in Colorado.
I work at the store.
We take our bikes out.

The waterbed store is fine.
We're out before dawn.
Boulder is where we are.
You are not here.

Our garden grew
Inside the toilet tank -
We laughed until we cried.

I had a beer
We'd been together before
By the fireplace
Quiet nights - alone.

I waited for you
While snowflakes fell
Like a dusting of sugar
On our sweet love bed.

We were too tired again
To get to work by dawn
So we slept under the stars
To wake up at the 3 am frost.

Saturday - planting flower bulbs
While the sun rose to a climax
You drifted over to me, beer in hand
Lazily doing more in an hour
Than I had done all morning.

Hugs and Kisses

X's and O's...
Tic-tac-toe...
The games we played as children.

Hugs and kisses -
X's and O's -
The things we do as adults.

I wrote you a letter
Leaving you this legacy
Never to be stamped or mailed.

Neither Emily Dickenson nor Charlotte Bronte Could Save Me

My long dress hung on the rack -
Neglected for so many months, it faded.
Some say sun fades fabric -
It waited for a dinner, a tea, a reading.

My poor, orphaned dress, alone -
I took it out in the sun to see it.
Washed it a bit and let it fly -
Summer breezes brought it back a bit.

I walked to church on Sunday
Neither Emily Dickenson nor Charlotte Bronte could save me
I wore the dress while ambling, to sit.
To give alms, thanks, and praise.